AN

ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY

OF THE

Right Honourable EDMUND BURKE.

BY THE

REV. JOHN CHETWOOD EUSTACE.

"HIS SALTEM ACCUMULEM DONIS."

VIRGIL.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR F. AND C. RIVINGTON, NO. 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD;
AND J. HATCHARD, NO. 173, PICCADILLY.

1798.

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THIS

ELEGY,

A SLIGHT TRIBUTE TO THE GENIUS AND VIRTUES

OF

THE LATE REVERED EDMUND BURKE,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

HIS TRULY GREAT AND ILLUSTRIOUS FRIEND

EARL FITZWILLIAM,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE AUTHOR takes the Liberty of obſerving, that after having alluded, in the eighth Stanza, to Mr. BURKE's elegant Treatiſe on the Sublime, which firſt introduced him to public Notice, he has attempted to ſketch out his political Conduct in the AMERICAN War, during the Debates on IRISH Independence, and, at the Beginning of the FRENCH Revolution. He has dwelt with Complacency on his ſpirited Exertions in Support of Religion and Order in general, and the Honor and Independence of this Country in particular, and terminated that Part of his Subject by an Alluſion to his poſthumous Works, in the twenty-ſecond Stanza. He leaves the Reader to judge of the Propriety of the concluding Requeſt, and abandoning the Whole to the Indulgence of the Public, hopes that this feeble Attempt will call forth the Powers of ſome greater Genius, and thus eventually give Riſe to a Production more worthy the Subject, the Patron, and the Nation.

AN

ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY, &c.

" *Clarum et venerabile nomen*
" *Gentibus, et multum noſtræ quod proderat urbi.*"

LUCAN.

I.

THE hollow knell reſounds from yonder tower,
And forms funereal thicken all around.—
The grave demands its prey—the fatal hour
Is ſtruck—and Death ſtill murmurs in the ſound.

2.

No common ſoul that awful warning calls,
It tells the world a great career is o'er:
The friend to freedom, order, virtue falls.—
Mourn, Albion, mourn, thy BURKE is now no more!

3.

Then he is fallen!—the wiſe, the good, the great,
The gen'rous patriot, the enlightned ſage;
The firmeſt pillar of the tottering ſtate,
Britannia's pride!—the glory of our age!

4.

The ſtar, whoſe radiance blazed along the ſkies,
And pour'd thro' diſtant realms a ſtream of light,
The beaming guide that charm'd our wond'ring eyes,
Torn from its ſphere—is quench'd in endleſs night.

5.

Then, Britain, come!—approach the hallow'd bier,
Majeſtic bend in grief thy laurell'd head,
And drop o'er BURKE's remains one ſacred tear,
To raiſe thy ſage above the vulgar dead.

6.

And ſince, alas! no earthly power can ſave
The mortal part from Death's relentleſs doom,
O! ſnatch at leaſt his virtues from the grave,
And bid them ſhine as trophies o'er his tomb.

7.

O! bid thy Muſe beſtow the deathleſs meed,
In lines of fire each glowing virtue trace,
And hold up high each great, each noble deed,
A bright example to thy future race.

8.

Him haſt thou ſeen with all the glow of youth,
Up Reaſon's ſteep aſcent advent'rous climb,
With eagle wing attempt the heights of truth,
And gaze, undazzled, on the bright ſublime.

9.

When rouz'd by envious Fate Contention roſe,
To tear thy well-earn'd honors from thy head,
When Britain's offspring join'd with Britain's foes,
And brave in vain, thy gen'rous warriors bled:

10.

Then haſt thou ſeen thy ardent patriot ſtand,
The rights of ſuffering Liberty proclaim,
From blood and ruin ſave an hapleſs land,
And chaſe the clouds that hover'd round thy fame.

11.

When Erin, hapleſs iſland! long oppreſt,
Aſſerted high an injured ſiſter's right,
The patriot ſpoke—affection warm'd thy breaſt,
And Juſtice quell'd the pride of tyrant might.

12.

(O! had the ſage prevail'd, and thou maintain'd
Thy ſov'reign rule, by mild and lenient arts,
Then bliſs and good Fitzwilliam ſtill had reign'd,
And loyal love united kindred hearts.)

13.

What, when emerg'd from hell's profound abyſs,
Infuriate demons rang'd the Gallic ſhore,
Beheld, with ſcowling eyes, thy public bliſs,
Panting to ſate their thirſt with Engliſh gore.

14.

Awed by the terrors of thy conqu'ring arm,
The fiends in ſecret wrought the direful guile,
In coward darkneſs ſpread the foul alarm,
With riſing faction ſhook thy peaceful iſle:

15.

Then roſe thy guardian ſage, experienc'd, wiſe,
As truth ſevere, as youthful virtue warm,
Tore from the lurking foe the mean diſguiſe,
And bared the horrors of his ſerpent form.

16.

O! how thy gen'rous ſons enraptured, fired,
Suſpended, all in mute attention hung,
While Virtue's ſelf—the patriot's ſoul inſpired,
Inflam'd his words, and thunder'd from his tongue.

17.

Yet, did his accents vibrate on their ear,
Thy potent arm uprais'd the regal ſhield,—
Thy hand indignant ſeized the thirſty ſpear,—
Thy martial legions ruſh'd into the field.

18.

Obedient Ocean ſmooth'd her ſubject tide
To bear thy daring ſons from pole to pole,—
Applauding Europe ſaw thy navies ride,
And heard with joy thy vengeful thunders roll.

19.

In vain thy treach'rous foes with hell conſpire,
And rouſe each dire deſtructive fiend;—in vain;—
Still in thy boſom glows thy native fire!
And ſtill thy honor ſhines without a ſtain!

20.

Thus raiſed by heaven, one patriot-ſage alone
Preſerv'd thy hoarded ſtock of old renown,
With ſteady hand upheld thy ancient throne,
And ſaved the gems that glitter in thy crown.

21.

Thine were his hopes, his fears, his wiſhes thine,
To thee his days, to thee his nights were giv'n,
His eyes were fix'd on thee—Fate gave the ſign,
And beck'ning angels call him hence to heav'n.

22.

But, as his ſpirit fled, it caſt behind
A look, to call thy latent virtue forth,
To wake the ſlumbering vigor of thy mind,
And rouze thy ſons to deeds of ancient worth.

23.

Then, Britain, come, in all the pomp of woe,
The laſt ſad tribute to thy Guardian pay;—
'Tis public Virtue bids thy ſorrows flow,
And, weeping, points to yonder ſacred clay.

24.

Say, ſhall thy patriot, with the crowd unknown,
In yon neglected fane, unhonor'd lie?
No bronze preſent his form? No ſculptured ſtone
Direct the lonely pilgrim's ſearching eye?

25.

Behold yon awful towers, where Greatneſs ſleeps,
Where heroes, ſages, ſaints, repoſe in ſtate,
Where, o'er their duſt, thy grateful Genius weeps,
And ſhields their fame againſt the ſtroke of Fate.

26.

O! thither bear his hallow'd duſt—there raiſe
The pile ſepulchral ſacred to his fame:
There let the Muſe announce to future days,
How Britain honors BURKE's immortal name.

27.

In act to ſpeak, there let thy patriot ſtand,
Awful as when by guardian Gods inſpired,
His glowing accents rouz'd thy ſlumb'ring land,
Brac'd ev'ry nerve, and ev'ry boſom fired.

28.

There, oft thy ſons aſſembled round his ſhrine,
Shall fervent glow with all the patriot's rage,
Atteſt his ſhade, and ſwear like him to ſhine,
Their country's pride, and glory of their age.

29.

Then ſhall his love for order, virtue, truth,
For genuine freedom, for enlighten'd laws,
Burn in the boſom of each Britiſh youth,
And fire each ſoul in thine and Europe's cauſe.

30.

Then, ſhould the foe profane thy ſacred coaſts,
Or nightly on thy plains his myriads pour,
New Marlboroughs ſhall ariſe to blaſt his hoſts,
And ſtretch them gaſping, on th' indignant ſhore.

31.

Then ſhall their navies in confuſion hurl'd
And blazing ruin, ſtrew the liquid plain,
And Heaven in thunder tell the aſtoniſh'd world,
That ſtill BRITANNIA rules her native main.

FINIS.

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